

*The FARCE is over; or, The PLOT dis-
cover'd without an Enquiry,*

A

P O E M.

DEDICATED TO THE

Rt. Hon. R. E. of O-----d.

————— *Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arete perire sua.*



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by the Booksellers and Pamphet-Shops in
London and Westminster. 1742.

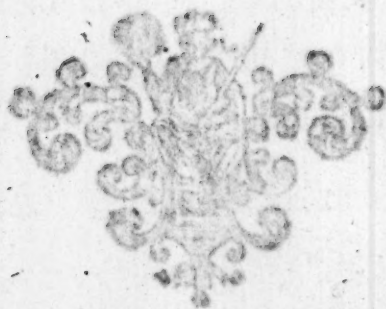
The First Part of the

History of the

University of Oxford

Rt. Hon. R. F. of O.

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L O W D O V

Printed and Sold by the Booksellers and Printers in
London and Westminster, 1743.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

The E - - - of O - - - - d.

THE following POEM is very properly dedicated to you, and has a Right to your Protection. The Hints in it are all borrowed from you. It would be Injustice to rob you of the Honour of being the sole Author of them. If your Skill can extract (and great Skill it will require) any thing in them of Satisfaction to any honest Man, or of Benefit to your Country; your's be the Praise without a Rival, without an Enemy. Since you can best account for them, may you be called upon to do it, and receive the Reward due to them. That you and your Country may have perfect Justice done you, is the sincere Prayer of,

MY LORD,

(without Flattery)

Your's if you deserve well.

A. B.

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My Lord,

(without Flattery)

Yours if you desire well

A. B.

A

P O E M, &c.

SING, honest Muse, nor fruitless be thy Song,
 Speak out, --- nor dread the prostituted Throng.
 Distinguish the TRUE BRITON from the
Knave,

And the FREE SUBJECT from the *hireling Slave*.
 Raise the WARM PATRIOT, firm in VIRTUE's
 Cause,

And lash the *grand Corruptor* of our Laws:
The grand Corruptor in the blazing Star,

A MIGNON-TOOL in Peace, a Drone in War.

Paint, at full length, his *Lackies* of the State,
 Expose the whole Machin'ry of Deceit:

Shew *pension'd L--ds*, extremely low in Purse,

And *D-----s in Post* commit Estates to Nurse.

Luxurious Beggars riot all in Debt,

And miser K---- our Miseries forget,

Nor this the spurious Scene of idle Whim,

'Tis O-----d's *all*, 'tis all assign'd to him.

Long have we idly kick'd against the Pricks,
 Subservient to the widest Politics:

Such immense Treasure squander'd with Caprice,
Or sacrific'd to R----- *Avarice*.

Long have *low Arts* usurp'd the Name of SENSE,
And Honour quitted post to Insolence.

How has Corruption (melancholy Truth)
Poison'd old Age, and vilify'd our Youth?

How have we, wretched Dupes to ev'ry State,
Court'd, whom 'twas our Interest to hate?

Court'd those Pow'rs, our Ancestors condemn'd?
Slaves from ourselves, and by ourselves condemn'd.

Whence have we lost all Figure on the Main,
Nor durst obstruct one Enterprize of *Spain*?

Whence have our Ships sail'd in and out despis'd
Marr'd from sell Orders, or the Foe appriz'd?

See a *French Flag* now dictate to our Fleet,
Their Squadrons buske triumphant, our's retreat!

How is our Friendship shunn'd, our Commerce gone,
Our Armies useless, our Alliance none?

Could I but call this Scene th' Effect of Spleen,
A Phantom only, never felt, nor seen.

I would with Joy retract the Scoundrel Line;
BRITONS! the Blessing's your's, the Lie were mine.
But say, --- Are these Things so? Are these Things
true?

They are, ---- and, O-----d, all assign'd to you.

All States will hold in proper Ridicule

A Mob of Statesmen headed by a Fool.

At Levee thrice incircl'd and ador'd,

Th' unweildy K--- is dwindled to a Lord.

What

What fallen Stars once crowded at his Gate,
 Now sunk a L--d, see him alone retreat.
 When introduc'd, see his Right R - - - d's sneer ;
 None of his Mushroom L--ds salute the Peer :
 Not one slight Bow, Sir *Bob*, for Favours giv'n,
 Know, — Man's Ingratitude's the Act of Heav'n.
 Yet, hapless *Britain!* ev'ry Effort fails ;
 His Power subsists, his Influence prevails :
 His Influence prevails supreme at C - - t,
 The M - - - screens him, and his Slaves support.

How are the Mighty fall'n a Sacrifice
 To strutting Pride, and Scoundrel Cowardice ?
 Too late awaken'd from lethargic Fraud ;
 We rouse at home to fix Allies abroad :
 Too late it's fear'd, — we can't those States
 protect,
 That have been stripp'd forlorn from our Neglect.
 Whose Troops (consummate Conduct) have regain'd
 What *Britain's* Faith and Pow'r had well main-
 tain'd.

MARLB'ROUGH's no more; tho' still his Laurels
 live.
 (Our Virtues rarely in our Sons survive.)
 When MARLBROUGH fought, the Battle was his
 own ;
 Whenever he besieg'd, he took the Town.
 Did he decamp? - - - none intercept the March.
 These Truths you find, whoe'er our Annals search.

Nor

Nor wonder, he those glorious Trophies won,
 Statesman and Soldier center'd all in one.
 In all the Storm of War his Troops he led,
 His Heart extremely warm, as cool his Head.
 LUMLEY and WEBB no more aspire to Fame,
 And nought remains of MORDAUT, but the Name.

Can *Britain* now no able Statesman yield?
 Have we no Heroes to command the Field?
 Yes, --- STAIR, ARGYLE, and COBHAM flourish
 still;
 They have Experience, Prowess, Fire and Skill:
 They shall exert themselves with Loyal Hearts,
 And *Pit* and *Marchmont* shall display their Parts.
 In all Debates shall *Chesterfield* persuade,
 And baffle low Finesse, and Gasconade.
 No more shall *Williams Wynn's* Endeavours fail;
 His Schemes shall take, his Virtue shall prevail.

How oft have *British* Arms the Foe distress'd,
 Th' Oppressor scourg'd, and succour'd the Op-
 press'd!
 Let *Poictiers's* and let *Cressy's* Battles tell,
 How well our Princes fought, what *Frenchmen*
 fell.
 Let *Agincourt* display it's wond'rous Scene,
 And *Dunkirk's* Scene surprize the great * *Turene*.

* He was vastly surpriz'd at the intrepid Courage and Conduct
 of General Morgan in the storming of Dunkirk.

Ev'n

Ev'n our Usurper then could give them Law,
 And keep a subtle Cardinal in awe.
 Our KING restor'd, see *French* and *Dutch* unite,
 And *YORK* burns, sinks, or puts them all to flight.
 In *ANNA*'s Reign we gloriously prevail'd;
 The *WOMAN* triumph'd, where *Nassau* had fail'd.
 No vaunting Fleets durst then peep out at Sea,
 There we could find no *Bourbon*-Enemy.
 The *Bourbon*-House was now reduc'd so low,
 We pitied her ----- too generous a Foe.
 Our Military Pow'r we hence suspend,
 And from sure Ruin save the hostile Friend.

How chang'd the Face of Things in these our Days,
 Tho' we *lift Thousands*, and our *Millions raise*;
 Tho' Soldiers, and tho' Sailors burn to fight,
 Would scourge the Foe, and do our Country Right;
 Yet from weak Councils or rank Perfidy
 They're sacrific'd to every Enemy.
 See them detach'd, how cheerfully they go
 A Massacre to Climate, nor the Foe.
 See matchless Courage wickedly employ'd,
 In Climate ban'ing, or 'gainst Walls destroy'd.
 They bear the Shock of War and Stench of Soil,
 Without the Chance of Victory or Spoil,
 What Troops can conquer by raw Generals led,
 Half-disciplin'd, half-victuall'd, and * half-paid?

* Paid in America according to their Currency, which is 35 or
 36 per Cent discount below Sterling.

C

Hence

Hence of ten Thousand brave effective Men,
 (The Truth is clear) there now survives not Ten.
 Peace to their Souls, reward them, gracious Heav'n!
 For their Distress below thy Joys be giv'n!

Whence can we these dire Miseries derive?
 What! --- are they real? --- and the Guilty live?
 He lives in Favour still, nor dreads our Ire,
 He has his Patent, can secure retire.
 This Day Commissioner he quits the Board,
 To-morrow out of Post he struts a L--d.
 What modern Honours our Noblesse must boast,
 When Lady *Mary* flaunts it, and takes Post.
 That *Bratt* of *pamper'd and enervate Lust* ----
 Say, Ladies, think you such Precedence just?
 Would it surprize you, and alarm the Rooms,
 To hear, Give way, Ma'am, *Lady Mary comes*!
 Honours when prostituted move Disdain,
 They're Fumes, that rise from a distemper'd Brain.
 What can we call it? Breach of common Sense?
 It's Folly, Madnes, rankest Insolence.

How many the Excesses of thy Power,
 Which Prudence can't recall, nor Wisdom cure?
 All, O----d, exercis'd with wanton Pride
 By thee the sole, the arbitrary Guide.
 Our Staple from Connivance quite decay'd,
 And Goals with Debtors swarm from want of
 Trade.

For

For *thee* thy Country falls in Character,
 Is chow'd in Peace, is sacrific'd in War.
 B---ps for *thee* their proper Sanction lose;
 M--b--rs their Trust, their Honour L--ds abuse.
 For *thee* the Sailor sinks, the Soldier bleeds;
 Thou giv'st the Orphan Tears, the Widow Weeds,
 The Merchant Losses, and the Patriot Pain.
 These are confess'd *the Glories of thy Reign*.
 Yet still thy Influ'ence just Suspicion gives,
 The M----- dotes, the Grand Corruptor lives.

Look down, kind Heav'n, propitious on our Isle!
 Direct our Schemes, our Parties reconcile!
 Order from wild Confusion, oh, restore!
 Infuse thy Wisdom, and assert thy Pow'r!
 Nought but such Pow'r can execute the Plan,
 Too infinitely difficult for Man.

Heav'n, see, directs, that we just Vengeance take,
 And crush the Guilty for a Nation's Sake.
 Indulgent Heav'n will make our Cause her own,
 And take away the Wicked from the T-----.
 Patriots shall every Criminal detect,
 And full Redress for all our Wrongs exact.

Exert your Justice, Senates, you are free,
 Your Country groans from dire Iniquity:
 Your Country all your Influence requires,
 Reason directs you, Wisdom now inspires.

Be

[]
Be the black Charge by
Nor Laws be wrested, no
Be your Enquiry equita
Your Penalties impartial
Discard all *Pique*, be nou
Nor let *curs'd Favour* onc
Impeach *th' Impeacher*, w
Adjudge the *grand Corru*
Subdue by legal Means
Give him, ---- what he
Thus bring to light long
And render *Cæsar's Throne*

F I N

ge by clearest Proofs maintain'd,
 ted, nor one Point be strain'd,
 equitably strict,
 impartially inflict:
 be nought th' Effect of *Spleen*,
 our once suggest a *Screen*.
 cher, while *ASTREA* reigns,
 d *Corruptor* proper Pains.
 Means his haughty Pride;
 at he to *Rochester* deny'd.
 ht long-latent villain Things,
 Throne the Throne of Kings.

I N I S.
 And cross the Gentry for a N
 Indulgent Heav'n will make our
 And take away the Wicked
 Patriots shall every Criminal de
 And fill *Rochester* for all our W

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